TRUST FALL!

by GHOST ft. Kizuna Akari, Gakupo

Uploaded at Youtube on 31 October, 2025

{ — and Mister Agafonov have a strange dynamic to speak for:
As text on a page, she lived defined by examples and metaphors.
Questionable writing choices annotated between better days,
then retracted in white-out. Palm and pencil slurring pages in grey,
closing each chapter sour and sore.
She didn't understand why this author would write such a story. }

In a fiction made up long ago by Mister Agafonov, we see someone who looks a lot like me!
There's a pair of pretty egos, and twice as many unresolved scenarios peculiar as can be.

In a fiction made up long ago by Mister Agafonov – assuming I'm the only one who's here –
I'm a nobody both young and old, my bedroom's full of cotton balls, some days I can't remember how to speak.

Fortunate for me, he always oversees!
Making me seem happy when nobody else believes.
Acting somewhere from within, rotting out my brain and leaving bruises on my skin –

Ah!

Over, and over, and over, and over, and over, and over again,
You take over me???
Over, and over, and over, and over, and over, and over again –
"You belong to me."

Over, and over, and over, and over, and over, and over again,
You take over me?
Over, and over, and over, and over, and over, and over again –
A calamity!

In a fiction made up long ago by Mr. Agafonov, we see someone who looks a lot like me.
My abrasions leaking printer ink and filling up the kitchen sink,
I've lost my own ability to think.

Well, the man behind the fiction had a terrible conviction when he saw himself reflecting in my eyes:
He's a memory of long ago, preserved emotions left aglow, an echo who's been hiding in disguise.

Fortunate for me, he doesn't get upset
Making sure I know he's there whenever I forget
Locked up somewhere in the rot, there to let me know that we deserve the story we got:

Over, and over, and over, and over, and over, and over again,
"You're not listening."
Over, and over, and over, and over, and over, and over again,
"Just obey me."

Over, and over, and over, and over, and over, and over again,
"You're not listening!!!"
Over, and over, and over, and over, and over, and over again,
A calamity.

I don't remember what I did...
I don't remember what was done to me.
I don't remember why I'm scared?
I don't remember who was there to see.

We don't remember what we did.
We don't remember what was done to us.
We don't remember who we are.
...I might remember who you are to me, though...

{ Who she thought was the author,
turned out to be just another victim in this fucked up story. }

In a fiction written long ago, I held your hand, then let it go.
The knight in shining armor plunged his sword into his maiden's lungs.
So, was it out of mercy?
Or maybe dual suicide?
A pair of pretty egos just met each other eye-to-eye...?

"Now, promise me your stiff remains will hold in place, and I'll restrain your fingers – dyed and oxidized – by blame collected over time.
See? Everything is our fault!
My duty's to apologize!
The punishment for our deeds is judged upon what I decide!"

...So he told me.

{ — and Mister Agafonov have a strange dynamic;
one which suggests
they interpreted antagonists from each others' texts.
From where they live, you can't see the book's binding:
Anthropodermic bibliopegy.
A permanent reminding
there will never be a logical reason to explain the true author's writing. }